



*Geronimo Stilton*

## SPACeMice

**WE'LL BITE YOUR  
TAIL, GERONIMO!**





Geronimo Stilton

# SPACEMICE

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TAIL, GERONIMO!**



 SCHOLASTIC







My dear mouse friends,

Have I ever told you how much I love science fiction? I've always wanted to write incredible adventures set in **another dimension**, but I've never believed that parallel universes exist . . . until now!

That's because my good friend **Professor Paws von Volt**, the brilliant, secretive scientist, has just made an incredible discovery. Thanks to some mousetropic calculations, he determined that there are **many different dimensions in time and space**, where anything could be possible.

The professor's work inspired me to write this science fiction adventure in which my family and I **travel through space in search of new worlds**.

We're a fabumouse crew:  
**the spacemice!**

I hope you enjoy this  
intergalactic adventure!

*Geronimo Stilton*



**PROFESSOR  
PAWS VON VOLT**

# THE SPACEMICE

GERONIMO  
STILTONIX



TRAP  
STILTONIX



THEA  
STILTONIX



GRANDFATHER  
WILLIAM STILTONIX



ROBOTIX

BENJAMIN  
STILTONIX  
AND BUGSY  
WUGSY





Geronimo Stilton



**WE'LL BITE  
YOUR TAIL,  
GERONIMO!**



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*In the darkness of the farthest galaxy in time and space is a spaceship inhabited exclusively by mice.*

*This fabumouse vessel is called the **MouseStar 1**, and I am its captain!*

*I am **Geronimo Stiltonix**, a somewhat accident-prone mouse who (to tell you the truth) would rather be writing novels than steering a spaceship.*

*But for now, my adventurous family and I are busy traveling around the universe on exciting intergalactic missions.*

**THIS IS THE  
LATEST ADVENTURE  
OF THE SPACEMICE!**







# A QUIET AFTERNOON . . . OR WAS IT?

It all started on a quiet Sunday afternoon. I had promised my nephew Benjamin I would take him to the premier of **The Fleeing Spaceships**, the last movie in the **Lord of the Asteroids** trilogy. This episode would finally end the epic **search** for the lost asteroid!

Oops! I'm so sorry . . . I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Stiltonix, **Geronimo Stiltonix**. I am the captain of the legendary *MouseStar 1*, the most mousestastic spaceship in the whole universe, though honestly, my real dream is to become a **writer**. But that's another story!

From the Encyclopedia Galactica

## 5-D MEGA MOUSERIFIC MOVIE

This five-dimensional movie takes place in a special circular screening room. Moviegoers strap themselves into special extra-comfy moving seats. Then holograms seem to emerge from the screen and float around the room while the superstellar surround-sound system kicks into high gear. **Warning:** 5-D mega mouserific movies are not recommended for anyone who is a jittery scaredy-mouse!



Now, what was I squeaking about? Oh, right! My nephew and I were so excited to see the new 5-D **Lord of the Asteroids** movie, we got to the theater early.

“Look, Uncle G!” Benjamin exclaimed. “There’s Trap, **Bugsy Wugsy**, Thea, Grandfather William, and **SALLY**. Let’s sit with them!”



*Mousey meteorites!* Sally de Wrench was the most fabumouse rodent in the **CHEDDAR Galaxy**, and there was an empty seat right next to her! I quickly headed for that seat, but as I got closer, my paws became **mushier than melted cheese**, my mouth dried up, and I heard a strange **buzzing** in my ears. I was galactically nervous! Luckily, by the time I got to the seat, the lights had dimmed and the first **hologram** had come shooting out of the screen. I was about to relax when . . .

**AAAAAAHHHH!!!**

We heard a fur-raising scream that made the room **tremble**.

“W-what was that?” I stammered.

“It sounded like it came from Professor Greenfur’s cabin next door!” Sally exclaimed.





We rushed out of the movie and went to check on the professor. When he opened his door, we were **stunned**.

“Professor Greenfur, w-what happened?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” he replied **sadly**. “When I looked in the mirror, this is what I saw!”

“You’re orange!” squeaked Benjamin.

**Shooting stars!** In case you don’t know, true to his name, the professor’s fur is usually **green**! But now he was more **ORANGE** than an apricot from Uranus.

“Did you eat an **ALIEN DISH**





at the Space Yum Café?” Trap asked.  
“Sometimes Cook Squizzy puts in too many space spices . . .”

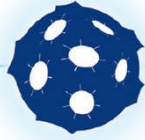
“Are you **working too hard**?”  
bellowed Grandfather William. “Lack of sleep can make you sick!”

“Maybe you used a new soap or cream?”  
Thea suggested. “One time, my fur got the **craziest pink spots** . . .”

Professor Greenfur shook his head.

“Nope,” he replied, dejected. “I haven’t done anything out of the ordinary.”

**HOLEY CRATERS!** We had to figure out what was causing his **STRANGE** condition!



## I HAVE THE ANSWER!

Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy scurried to the **control room**. They used the ship's onboard computer, Hologramix, to search for any available information on the planet **PHOTOSYNTHESON**, which is where Professor Greenfur was born.

The rest of us stayed with the scientist, hoping to distract him a bit.

"How are you *feeling*?" asked Trap.  
"Are you *hungry*?"

"Actually, yes," the professor replied.  
"Now that you mention it, I'm cosmically hungry. I could really go for some *soup*!"

"Excellent choice!" Trap replied. "I'll call Squizzy on my wristwatch phone and I'll ask him to prepare some whisker-licking good





**MARTIAN GINGER** soup for you. You'll love it!"

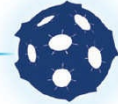
Then we hopped in an astrotaxi and headed to the **SPACE YUM CAFÉ**. When we got there, Cook Squizzy came out to meet us. He was carrying a gigantic pot of **orange** soup.

"Martian ginger soup is the best remedy for **itching** caused by Venus allergies, nausea from hyperspace jumping, and space fevers!" he squeaked.

Then he filled a huge bowl and motioned to Professor Greenfur to drink it up. We stared open-mouthed as the scientist drank the entire **bowl** in one gulp.

"Ahhhh!" Professor Greenfur sighed. "That was truly **mouserific**. Thank you!"

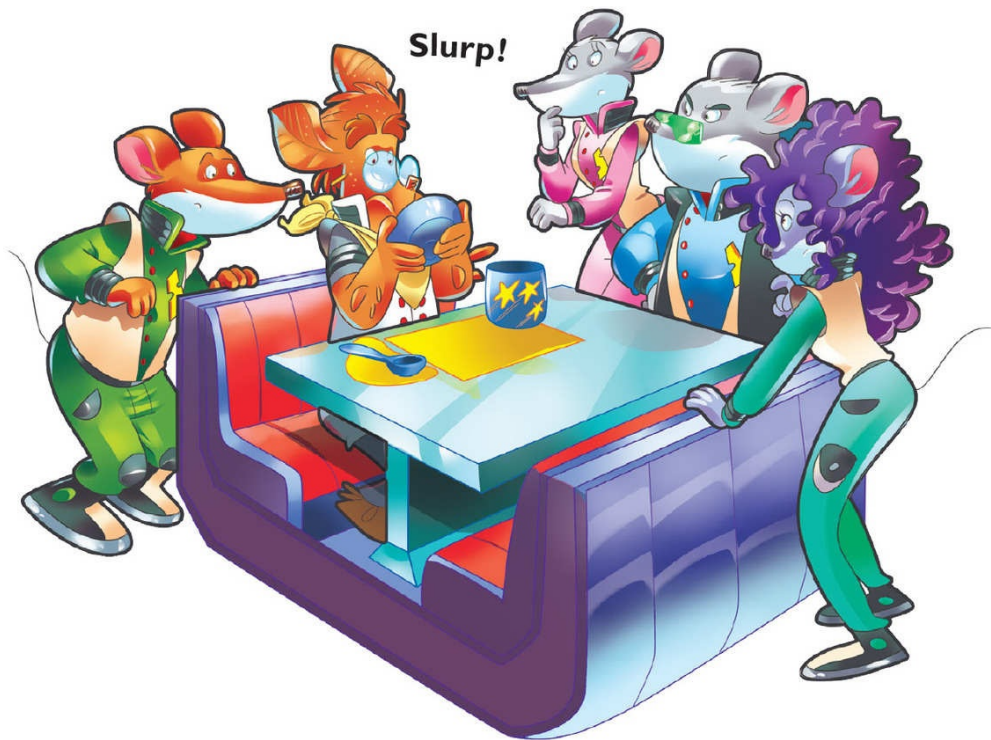
But unfortunately, nothing happened. The professor was still **orange**!



“I should have put in more **molded space cheese**,” Cook Squizzy said sadly.

“Of course not, **Squizzy**,” Thea said, smiling. “Even if your soup didn’t cure him, I’m sure it made Professor Greenfur feel a little **better**. Right?”

“I’m not sure,” he answered slowly. “Maybe I should move around a little to





help my digestion. I'm feeling **bloated**."

"Don't worry," my sister said. "I have the answer!"

Then she had dragged us all to the **multipurpose technogym**.

"You can do all the moving around you want right here!" she squeaked happily.

"Grandson, you should **JOIN** him!" my grandfather suggested immediately. "You should really be exercising more often. I want you to be in tip-top shape, just like a real **captain**!"

"I **am** a real captain," I protested. "And I exercise plenty. Plus, I feel **great**!"

But putting up a fight was **useless**.

An astrosecond later, I found myself running alongside Professor Greenfur on the galactic **treadmill**. After that, we did **abdominal crunches**. Finally,



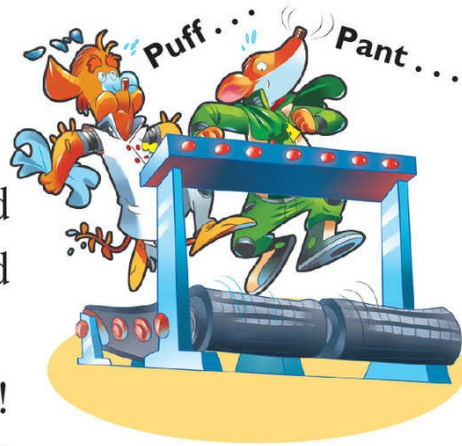
Grandfather William had us each do one hundred **push-ups**.

Galactic Gorgonzola! It was **HARD WORK**! After all that exercising, Professor Greenfur was still as **ORANGE** as ever!

“How do you feel now?” my sister asked hopefully. “Any different?”

“Yes,” he replied, gasping for air. “I feel sore **ALL OVER**! What I need now is a **MASSAGE**!”

“I have the perfect solution,” Sally explained. “The **massagemousix**.





It's a device that gives the most mousetastic massages in the **solar system!** After spending a day fixing motors, a massagemousix treatment always makes me feel **AMAZING.**"

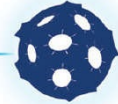
"**Excellent!**" squeaked an exhausted-looking Professor Greenfur.

Sally led the professor into a small room just off the technogym and had him lie down on a high-tech table.

When the Professor activated the massagemousix, **four long mechanical arms** popped out and began to vigorously **MASSAGE** his sore body.

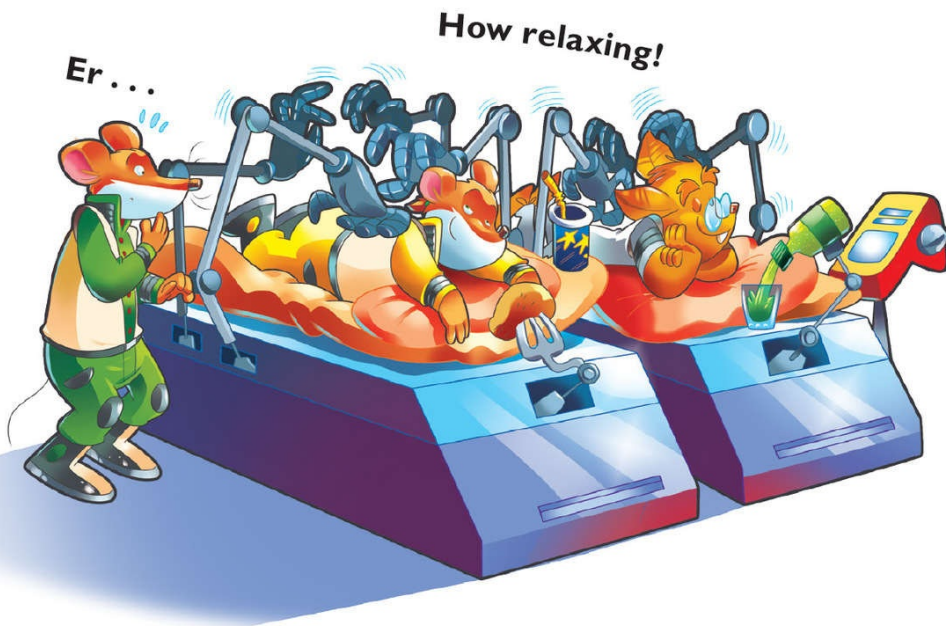
There was an empty spot right next to the professor. I was about to ask Sally if I could try the massagemousix myself when my cousin dove for the table.

"I could really use a good massage!" he



**SQUEAKED**. “Geronimo, watching you and the professor work out was **exhausting**! In fact, I could really go for an **ENERGIZING** four-cheese shake from Uranus. Geronimo, could you grab one for me from the Space Yum Café?”

*Shooting stars!* My cousin was **too MUCH**!







## I HAVE THE ANSWER!

---

I was about to tell him I absolutely would not fetch him a cheese shake when I heard my nephew Benjamin's sweet voice.

"Uncle G!" he squeaked excitedly. "Bugsy and I found a ton of **USEFUL INFORMATION!** And we know why Professor Greenfur turned orange!"



# DON'T JUST STAND THERE!

“Bugsy Wugsy and I did some research in the **Encyclopedia Galactica**,” Benjamin explained.

“We discovered that **plant mouseoids** from Photosyntheson turn orange when

From the Encyclopedia Galactica

## PHOTOSYNTHESONS

Photosynthesons are plant mouseoids born on the planet **Photosyntheson**. These green creatures have a special bond with their home planet for their entire life. No matter how far away they are, if danger threatens their native land, they turn **orange**.





## DON'T JUST STAND THERE!

something's wrong on their home planet," Bugsy Wugsy added.

"A problem on **PHOTOSYNTHESON**?" Professor Greenfur whispered, alarmed. "I left the planet with my parents when I was very little, but I have to go back to help!"

"Professor, how **FAR** is Photosyntheson from here?" asked Thea.

"According to my calculations, it's about **THREE GALACTIC HOURS** away," he replied.

"Well, what are you waiting for, Grandson?" ~~Grandfather William~~ bellowed. "Don't just stand there — **take action**! Alert the crew that you're going on an important mission to Photosyntheson **RIGHT AWAY**!"

Solar smoked Gouda! Why did my grandfather have to be so **BOSSY**? Of course I would organize a mission immediately.



After all, I was the ship's **captain**! I cleared my throat.

"Er, attention, spacemice!" I squeaked. "We will leave as soon as possible on a mission to **photosyntheson**. Once we arrive, a crew of spacemice will explore the planet to find out what's going on. **PROFESSOR GREENFUR** will be **GREEN** again in no time!"

Everyone cheered.

"Can we come, too?" Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy squeaked in unison.

"That's the spirit!" Grandfather William **smiled**. "You should learn from these eager young mouselets, Geronimo. They didn't waste a moment before they volunteered!"

I sighed and tried to **ignore** my grandfather.

"Of course you can come," I told Benjamin





## DON'T JUST STAND THERE!

and Bugsy. “Next stop, **Photosyntheson!**”

Professor Greenfur, Benjamin, Bugsy Wugsy, Thea, Sally, Trap, and I began to prepare for the mission. But wait . . . where **WAS** Trap?! I looked around and realized my cousin had disappeared. Could he have gone to the Space Yum Café to get his **ENERGIZING CHEESE SHAKE**? Suddenly, my cousin reappeared. But instead of carrying a cheese shake, he was dragging an enormous backpack with a **ZiLLion** pockets.

**Mousey meteorites!** It looked **heavy**!

“Trap, where did you go?” I asked. “We’re getting ready for our **mission** to Photosyntheson—”

“I figured,” he interrupted me. “That’s why I went to get a few **indispensable** little things you’ll need on your mission!”

**A few little things? My mission?!**



“What do you mean? You’re coming with me!”

“No, I’m not.” He chuckled. “I’m staying right here.”

**“WHAT?!”**

“You heard me,” he explained. “I’m staying put! You’re not the only **WRITER** aboard *MouseStar 1*, Cuz. I’m writing a book, too!”

**“A BOOK?!?”** I squeaked, incredulous. Trap wasn’t exactly a regular in the *MouseStar 1*’s library.

“Yes!” Trap exclaimed proudly. “It’s called *A Mousestastic Guide to Galactic Restaurants*. It’s a guide for space foodies, and I’m on a deadline, so I can’t come. But relax! I packed everything you’ll need. You’ll be fine!”





## DON'T JUST STAND THERE!

With that, he tossed me the backpack. I staggered under its enormous weight.

**“SQUEEEAK!”** I yelped. “It’s really **heavy!**”

“Don’t be such a wimp, Grandson!” Grandfather William scolded me. “A **real captain** doesn’t complain!”

Squeeeak!



“It’s time to go,” Thea interrupted us. “The **space shuttle** is ready for departure. The planet Photosyntheson awaits!”



# AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT!

“I’m programming the ship to travel at the *speed of light*,” Thea announced once we were all aboard. “So hold on to your tails! Destination: Photosyntheson!”

**HOLEY GRATERS!** I’ll never get used to traveling at the speed of light. Just hearing those words made my tail knot up like a **space cheese pretzel!**







## AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT!

I clung tightly to my seat and tried to take a deep breath.

**MOUSEY METEORITES!** I felt incredibly nauseous! I was afraid I might **boss my cheese!**

After what felt like a **light-year**, Thea turned things down a notch.

“I’m disengaging the speed of light and will proceed at supersonic speed,” she explained.

I sighed in relief. I could finally relax and enjoy the view.

Stars and multicolored planets **shone** all around us. Cosmic space dust, what a fabumouse view!

“There’s **Photosyntheson!**” squeaked Benjamin.

The planet ahead of us was truly **beautiful**. It was a brilliant green



and, from afar, it looked like a gigantic **HEAD OF LETTUCE!**

We all crowded around the window to see better.

“Look!” exclaimed Bugsy Wugsy. “The surface is completely covered with **trees.**”

“Wow!” Benjamin squeaked. “There are so many different kinds!”

**“I’m finally going to see my home again,”** Professor Greenfur whispered. There were happy tears in his eyes.

Thea smiled.

“Everyone back to your seats,” she ordered. “We’re about to **LAND!**”



We're about to land!





# WELCOME TO PHOTOSYNTHESON!

Thea gently landed the space shuttle in a soft green meadow in Photosyntheson's **astroport**.

"We're here!" squeaked my sister.  
"Welcome home, Professor!"

Benjamin and Buggy Wugsy were the first to **disembark**.

"What an awesome planet!" my nephew exclaimed. "It feels like we're in an enormous **NATURAL RESERVE**!"

Professor Greenfur looked around, squeakless. He was so overwhelmed at returning to the planet where he had been born. He **B R E A T H E D** in deeply,



filling his lungs joyfully.

I smiled at him. It was truly **MOVING** to see him so happy at his return to his home planet.

A moment later, Bugsy Wugsy broke the silence. “Look!” she shouted. “Someone’s coming!”





We saw a group of  
**PHOTOSYNTHESONS**  
approaching. Some looked  
almost identical to **Professor**  
**Greenfur**, while others  
were much shorter or had  
**colorful flowers**





## WELCOME TO PHOTOSYNTHESON!

on their heads. But all had **brilliant** green fur!

“Welcome, Spacemice!” a **DiSTiNcTiVe-LOOK.iNg** Photosyntheson greeted us kindly.

“Your ship’s computer let us know you were coming,” he said. “I’m **Leafyfur**, the governor of Photosyntheson. It’s an honor for us to have a visit from the famous space captain **Geronimo Stiltonix!**”

Me? A famous captain? Huh?! A little old plant mouseoid with *tiny violets* sprouting out of her head came closer to the professor.

“Gentiana, look!” she exclaimed. “It’s Greenfur!”

The Photosyntheson near her squeaked. “Cosmic roots!” she gasped. “**You’re right. Violix!**”

Gentiana turned back to Greenfur. “My, how you’ve changed!” she said.



“Er . . . I . . .”  
stammered  
Greenfur.

“We’re your old  
tree neighbors,  
**Violix** and  
**GENTIANA!**”

she continued. “I  
remember when you  
used to sleep in a tiny little **VASE**. And  
now look at you! You’ve grown so **tall**.”

“Forgive me for asking,” Violix said softly.  
“But why are you so **orange**?”

“Unfortunately, he turned **orange** because  
there’s a problem on Photosyntheson,”  
Thea explained. “When plant mouseoids  
leave your planet, they become orange  
if something **THREATENS** their  
home planet. Have you noticed anything













out of the ordinary lately?”

Leafyfur shook his head, surprised.

“No,” he said. “Everything here has been very **PEACEFUL**! Come, see for yourself!”

Leafyfur, Violix, and Gentiana led us on a quick tour of the planet. It was **INCREDIMOUSE**. It seemed as though peace and harmony reigned everywhere. Could Benjamin and Buggy Wugsy have **misread** the *Encyclopedia Galactica*?

It began growing **dark**. Leafyfur invited us to spend the night at his house. So we said **good-night** to Violix and Gentiana.

“I’m honored to have you as my *guests*,” the governor squeaked. “My palace is bright, spacious, and surrounded by **LUSH, GREEN** plants!”





## LEAFYFUR'S PALACE

I loved the idea of spending a night in a **PALACE**. I had carried the **ENORMOUSE BACKPACK** Trap had given me for the entire day. I felt like a **limp** slice of Swiss. I was already drooling at the prospect of a delicious **DINNER** followed by a long sleep in a **SOFT**, comfortable bed. But as soon as we arrived, I got a **shock**: Leafyfur's palace was indeed surrounded by nature. It was in a very **TALL** tree!

**MOUSEY METEORS!** To get to the palace, we had to climb all the way to the top! Leafyfur led the way.

"Follow me," he squeaked as he scampered up easily. "Welcome to my home!"

Thea, Greenfur, Benjamin, and Bugsy





Wugsy scooted up the tree. But I hung back, **TERRIFIED**. I'm so scared of heights!

"Come on, Geronimo!" my sister shouted.

Looking **UP** at the tall tree turned my stomach upside down and inside out. Besides, I was still wearing Trap's **heavy backpack**, which was going to make the climb even harder!

**How did I always get myself into these situations?**

Trying to be brave, I took the first step. But the heavy backpack made me tip backward, and I fell on my **tail**.

"Oooouch!" I cried.

Luckily, Leafyfur **threw** me a rope.

"Grab the rope, Captain," he called down.

"We'll pull you up in no time! **Hold on tight!**"

I grabbed the rope and took a deep breath. But before I could **exhale**, the elastic rope



Climb up, Captain!

Come on, Uncle!

Argh!





Hold on tight!

retracted and I flew **upward**  
at the speed of light.

**Galactic Gorgonzola!**

What a fright!

I landed on  
my back right  
in front of  
the door. My  
friends stifled  
their **CIGGLES**  
as they helped  
me up. I was



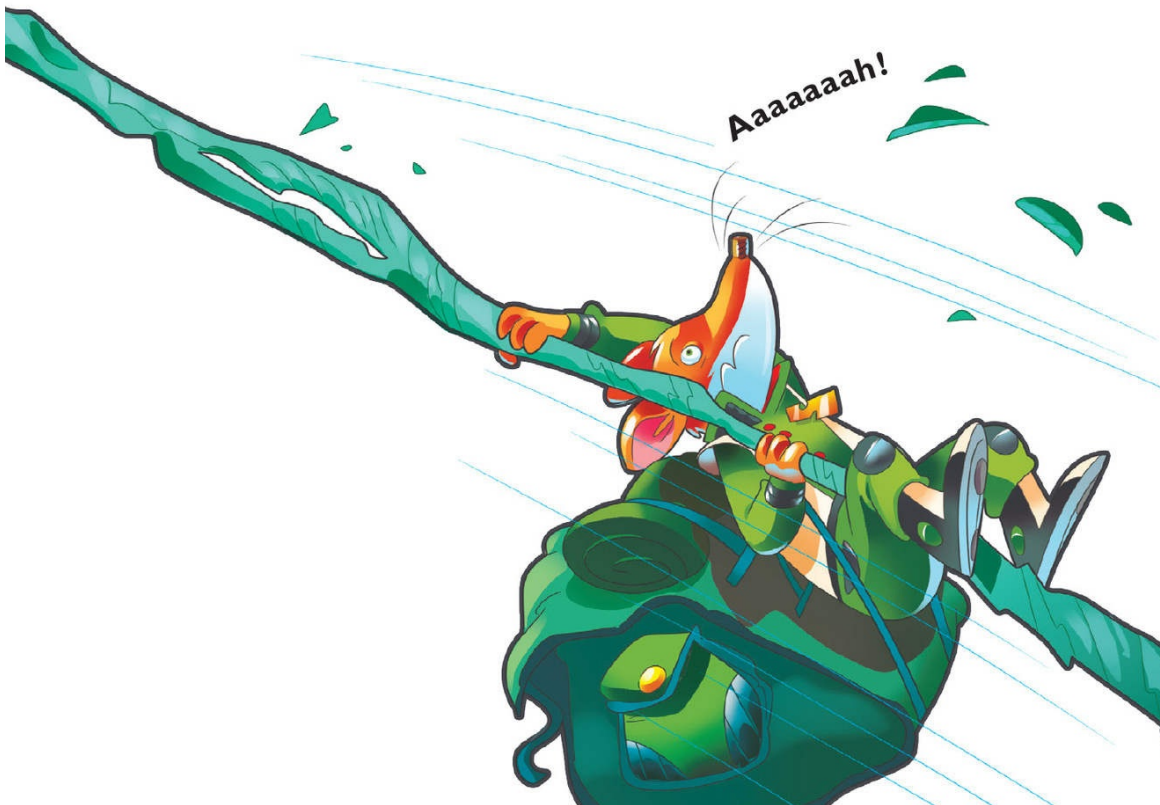
**greener** than moldy Brie, but at least

I hadn't tossed my cheese!

Leafyfur welcomed us inside.

"Please sit down," he said warmly.

"Dinner will be served shortly. We'll have Photosyntheson's **specialties**: moss bruschetta, root soup, and **WILD BERRY** pie."



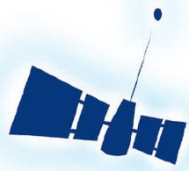




“Yum!” Greenfur said happily. “My favorite comfort foods!”

But I was still **NAUSEOUS** from my trip up to the top of the tree. I had no desire to eat **ROOT SOUP**! On the other hand, I didn't want to be **rude**. So I tried to smile as I took a sip of the broth. **Blech!** It was **awful**.





## MYSTERY AT EVERGREEN GROVE

The following morning, Leafyfur, Violix, and Gentiana took us to visit **Evergreen Grove**, where Greenfur had been born.

“Evergreen Grove is no longer *inhabited* today,” Gentiana explained.

“Older residents like us moved to other parts of the planet, and the area became a **NATURAL** reserve,” Violix added.

When we got there, we were squeakless.

**Holey craters! It was fabumouse!**

“Our best gardeners planted rare plants and trees all around the park,” Violix continued. “Photosynthesons love coming

here to walk, play, and **relax** in the shade of the trees.”

**Gentiana** took us to the old tree in the center of the park, where Greenfur’s family used to live. It was a big, tall tree with **thick foliage**. Greenfur smiled, tears filling his eyes.

“Sprouting tree seedlings!” he exclaimed.

“It’s just as I **REMEMBERED** it!”

We stood there quietly admiring

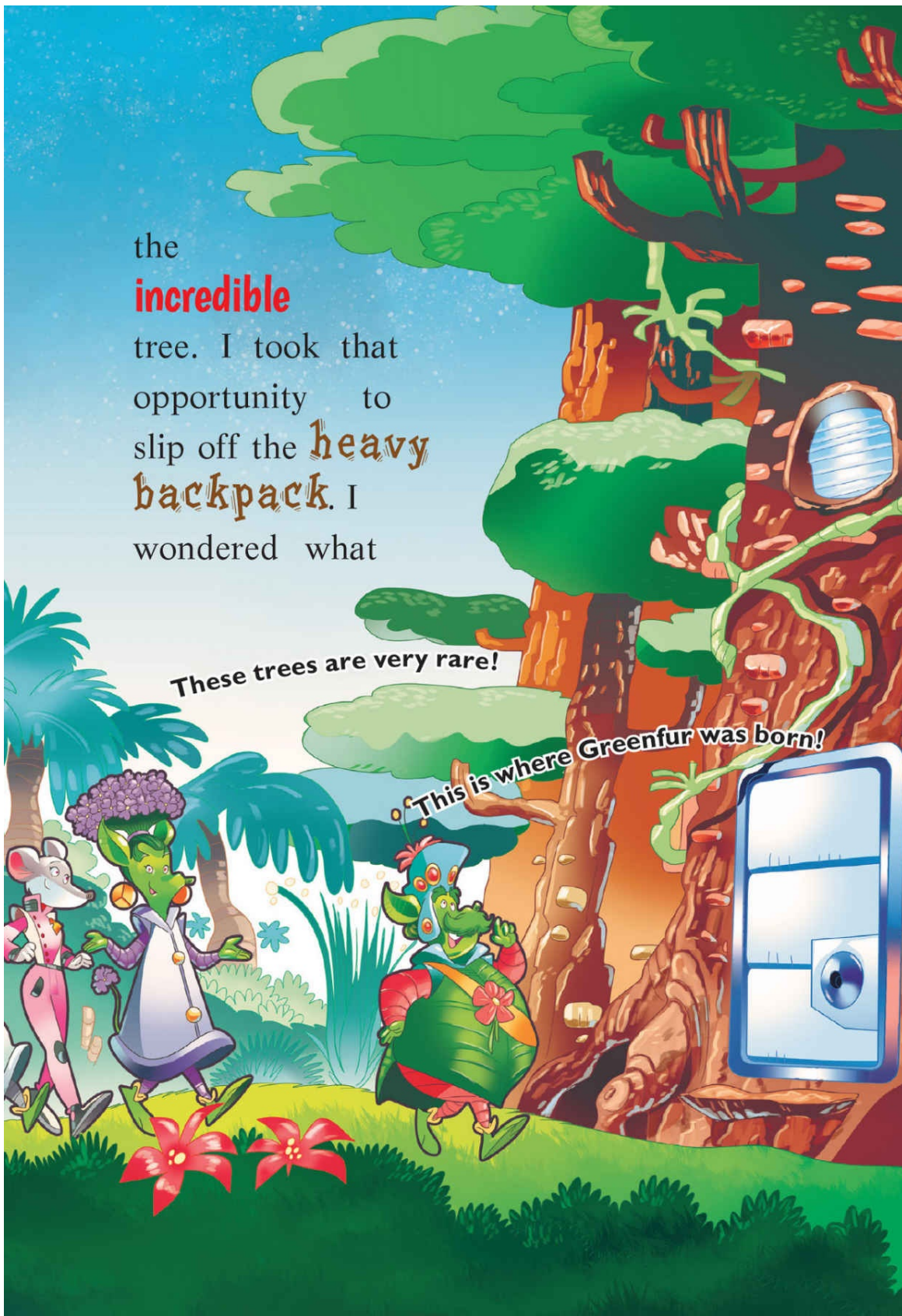




the  
**incredible**  
tree. I took that  
opportunity to  
slip off the **heavy**  
**backpack**. I  
wondered what

These trees are very rare!

This is where Greenfur was born!



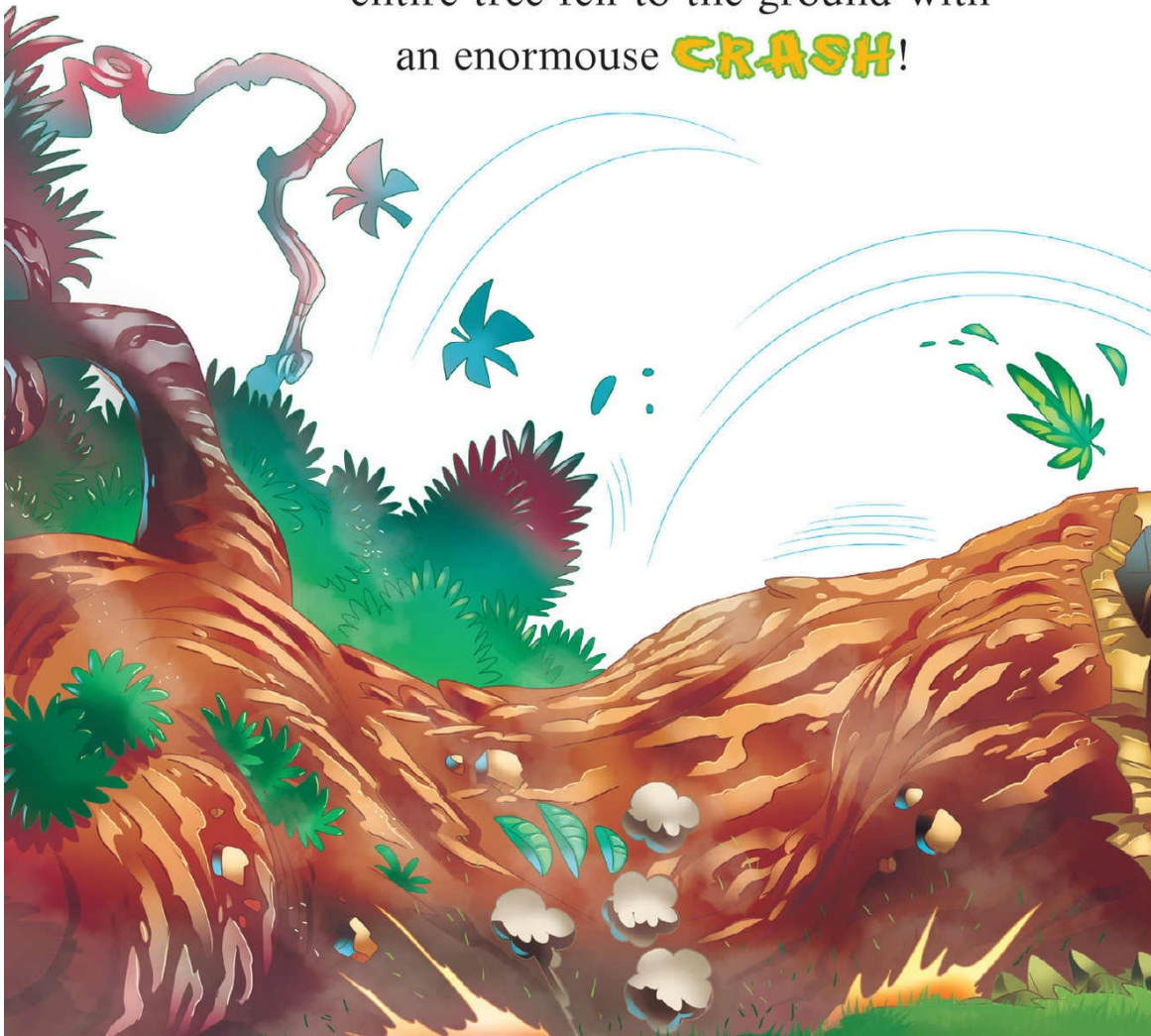


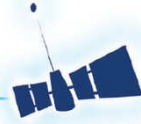


## MYSTERY AT EVERGREEN GROVE

was in that thing—it weighed a **TON!**

My back was so **sore** that I went to lean against the trunk of the tree for a little rest. I was so **exhausted**! But I had barely even touched the trunk when the entire tree fell to the ground with an enormous **CRASH!**





The Photosynthesons looked at me in **horror**.

“Captain, what have you done?” Professor Greenfur asked.

“Um . . . I just leaned **g-gently** against the t-trunk,” I stammered. “See?”

And I gently placed my paw on another trunk to demonstrate. But that tree **fell**, too! As it fell, it hit another tree, and then another. In just a few **astroseconds**, the entire grove of trees had fallen like a bunch of **DOMINOES**.

**MOUSEY METEORITES!** What was going on?!





## WHO DID THIS?

I couldn't escape the **GLARING EYES** of the Photosynthesons. They were all shooting daggers at me!

Leafyfur looked at me gravely.

"Captain Stiltonix, we welcomed you in friendship," he said. "But this disaster is testing our patience. Can you explain yourself?"

I didn't know what to say. I had barely **touched** those trees! And I'm not a very **STRONG** mouse. In fact, I'm really, really *weak*! That's why I had taken off that **HEAVY BACKPACK** and leaned against the tree. I just wanted a little *rest*!

I was so embarrassed. Why, oh why had my cousin given me such a **heavy backpack** to carry?!





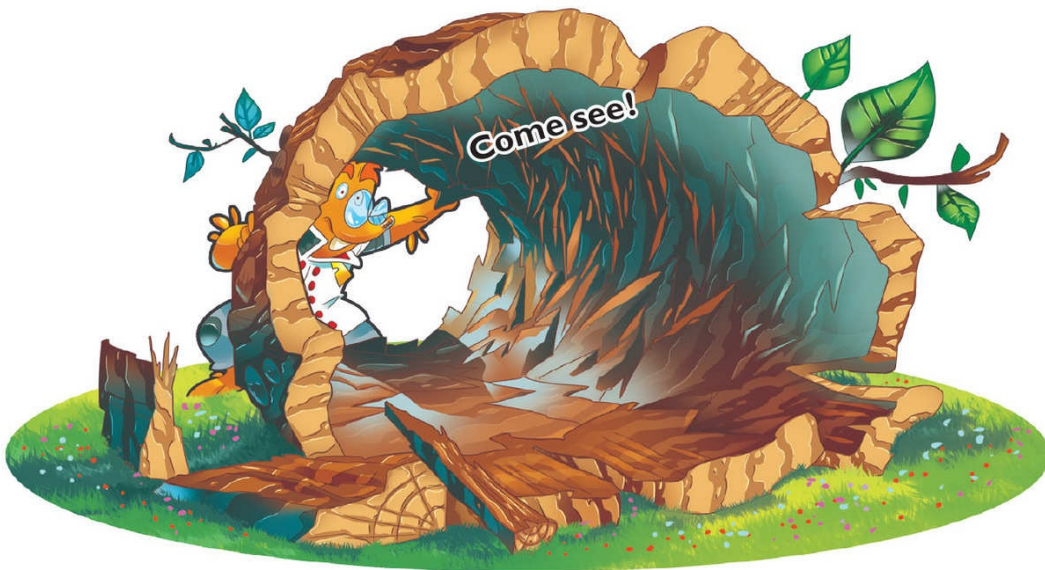
“Uh . . . um . . .” I muttered, trying to figure out a way to **explain** myself.

Fortunately, Thea came to my rescue.

“Listen, my brother may be a **klutz**,” she explained to Leafyfur, “but he would never do something like this on purpose!”

“Thea’s right!” Greenfur cried suddenly. “Look what I just found!”

We all rushed to see what Professor Greenfur has discovered. By all the rings





of Saturn, the tree trunk was completely **hollow**!

“It looks like something **gnawed** the inside of all the trees!” Buggy Wugsy squeaked.

“There’s something **strange** going on here,” Thea added. “I’m sure this is the reason Greenfur turned **orange**!”

Who did this?



“This is **terrible**,” Leafyfur said sadly. “And we didn’t notice anything!”

“These **TREES** are extremely important to us,” Violix explained. “They clean the **air** we breathe, they provide us with food, and

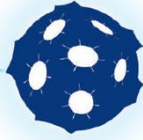


they are our **homes**. No Photosyntheson would ever do anything to hurt the trees in *Evergreen Grove*. Who could have done such a thing?"

"Don't worry," Thea said gently. "We'll help you solve this **mystery**. After all, that's why we came!"

"That's right!" I agreed, bravely trying to act like a captain. "**Spacemice for one, spacemice for all!**"





## THE SEARCH BEGINS

Leafyfur and the other Photosynthesons went back to their homes while we gathered to organize our **investigation**.

“We should split up,” Thea said. “Each of us can follow a different clue.”

“Good idea!” Benjamin agreed. “Bugsy Wugsy and I will interview the **PHOTOSYNTHESONS** strolling in the park. Maybe one of them saw something suspicious!”

“Sounds good,” Thea replied with a nod. “I’ll go back to the space shuttle. I can use Hologramix to gather info on any galactic **parasites** that have passed through Photosyntheson.”

“I’ll use the sniffix to search for **clues**,”



Greenfur said. He took a small robot out of his pocket. It was equipped with a special **ODOR-SMELLING** duct. Greenfur set the robot in research mode and the sniffix immediately took off.

“What about you, Ger?” Thea asked me.

“I think I’ll go with Professor Greenfur,” I replied.

The sniffix moved around **RAPIDLY**,

### From the Encyclopedia Galactica

#### THE SNIFFIX

This small robot has an **ULTRA-DEVELOPED** sense of smell and can collect the smallest traces of odors. The robot is equipped with tiny wheels that use cosmic propulsion to move over any terrain. It has an interactive screen and is capable of **talking to the spacemice**. Its one defect is that it’s allergic to space pollen! It makes the robot **sneeze** and keeps it from working properly.





## THE SEARCH BEGINS

looking for clues. Charts, images, and calculations appeared continuously on its little screen. We scampered along behind the robot. I was wearing Trap's **heavy backpack** again and I was having a hard time keeping up!

Suddenly, the little robot stopped. But instead of showing us the results of his investigation, he began to **sneeze**.

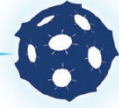
Oh no!  
Space pollen!

"Holey craters!" I exclaimed.  
"What's going on?"



**Achoo!** "ACHOO!" answered the sniffix in its metallic voice. "There are traces of **SPACE POLLEN** in the air. I'm allergic! I am sorry. I cannot elaborate on the data I have collected." Greenfur sighed.





“We have to get back to the space shuttle,” he explained. “There must be some **ROBOTIC ALLERGY MEDICINE** on board the ship.”

My shoulders were **SOFT** and **ACHING** from carrying Trap’s backpack, so I decided to wait and take a rest while Professor Greenfur got the medicine. I removed the **HEAVY** backpack from my shoulders and sprawled out on the grass. Then I turned to my side and noticed a thin trail of sawdust winding through the blades of grass.

**Martian mozzarella!** Maybe I had found a clue!



# THE MYSTERIOUS GNAWERS

I quickly scrambled to my paws and began to follow the **T R A I L**. It seemed to stop from time to time, but it always started up again. The trail went **straight**, then it **curved**, then it **zig-zagged** across the grass.

**How strange!**





I was following the trail so **CLOSELY** I didn't realize I had left Evergreen Grove. I suddenly found myself in a part of Photosyntheson I didn't recognize. The trail ended in a **CLEARING** surrounded by tall bushes.

I **hid** behind one and looked

around.

At first, I

didn't see anything.

Then I **looked** down and I was flabbergasted! The clearing was filled with **tiny** aliens scurrying in and out of small **HOLES** in the ground.

I studied them for a few more minutes. They had huge teeth and were busily





## THE MYSTERIOUS GNAWERS

chewing on something that left behind a trail of **sawdust**.

Solar smoked Gouda! These were the creatures who had gnawed all the trees in Evergreen Grove! **But why?**

I tried to observe a little more without being seen, but I inadvertently placed a paw on a twig. **Crack!**

As soon as they heard the noise, the little creatures stopped and looked around **suspiciously**. But I was well hidden behind the bush. Luckily, they didn't see me. After an **astrosecond** of hesitation, they went back to their chewing. **PHEW!** I was safe!

I watched the little aliens for a few more minutes. They were so **CUTE**, I decided I would just approach them and ask what they were doing. It couldn't hurt to be *friendly* and introduce myself, could it? So



I gathered my **COURAGE** and stepped out from behind the bush. I moved slowly so I wouldn't **startle** the creatures.

"Good morning, friends!" I squeaked in a friendly tone. "My name is Stiltonix, **Geronimo Stiltonix**, and I'm the captain of —"

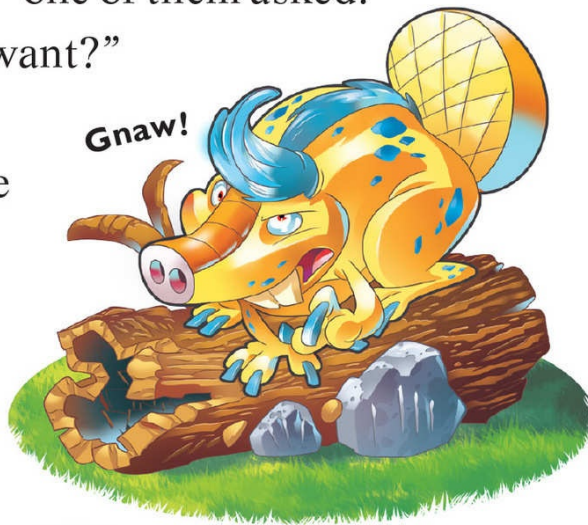
I didn't even have a chance to **finish**. The little aliens surrounded me quickly. They had **menacing** looks on their unusual snouts.

"**WHO** are you?" one of them asked.

"**What** do you want?" another growled.

"And **why** are you here?" asked another.

Maybe introducing myself hadn't





## THE MYSTERIOUS GNAWERS

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been such a **good idea** after all!

“Er . . . as I was saying, I’m the captain of—”

But I didn’t get to **finish** that time, either! Faster than a shooting star, the **ALIENS** tied me up.

**MOUSEY METEORS! I WAS THEIR PRISONER!**







## THE NIBBLIX ALIENS

I shouted as loudly as I could, hoping the other Spacemice would hear me.

**“Heeeelp!”**

“Silence!” a voice commanded.

I didn’t have to be told **twice**! A well-dressed alien with a wooden **crown** on his head poked me in the tummy. Martian mozzarella! He looked like their king. And he was **mad**!

The alien cleared his throat.

“I am Chief Nibbler the Fourth,” he snorted. “I am Lord of the Underground and king of the nibblix aliens, who live in Photosyntheson’s **subterranean** zone! Introduce yourself, you mouse in a spacesuit!”





“Er . . . as I tried telling you before, I’m Geronimo Stiltonix, **captain** of the *MouseStar 1*,” I explained.

“Geronimo Stiltonix?!” he replied, surprised. “What are you doing on **Photosyntheson**?”

I cleared my throat.

“Nibbler, I came here with my friends the spacemice to figure out what’s been





happening on Photosyntheson,” I explained. “Basically, we wanted to know who’s been **gnawing** all the trees!”

“My name is Chief Nibbler the Fourth!” he roared back. “Or, ‘**YOUR MAJESTY**’! No one dares to call me ‘Nibbler’! That is, no one except my **lovely** wife . . .”

“I’m so sorry, Your Majesty!” I replied, trying to make up for my mistake. “Would you please tell me why you and your friends are gnawing all of Photosyntheson’s trees?”

“We have our **reasons**!” bellowed Chief Nibbler. “We nibblix have always lived **underneath** Photosyntheson. Our big teeth help us dig **tunnels** and build underground villages where we used to live happily.”

Everyone nodded in agreement.

“Unfortunately, one day we dug in the



wrong place, and there was a terrible **flood**,” the chief continued. “Most of our homes were destroyed.”

The nibblix aliens all nodded **sadly**.

“Fortunately, we were able to flee to the **upper tunnels**,” Chief Nibbler continued. “But the lower tunnels are still flooded, and we’re afraid the water level will keep **rising**! That’s why we decided to move above ground.”

**Holey craters! What an incredible story!**

Everything was beginning to make sense now. But there still was one thing I didn’t understand.

“That’s awful,” I squeaked sympathetically. “But why are you nibblix **gnawing** on the trees?”

“Isn’t it obvious?!” Chief Nibbler replied



Look at this set of teeth!



gruffly. “Do you think these *perfect* sets of teeth stay like this on their own? We have to keep exercising our incisors to keep them from getting too **long** or too **weak**! When we’re underground, we can keep busy gnawing the dirt. But above ground, there’s nothing to chew on but **trees**!”

I finally understood. The nibblix didn’t mean to hurt the trees, but they didn’t seem to have a **choice**!

“If it’s true that you came to solve the **MYSTERY** of the trees, the solution is simple: **It was us!**” Chief Nibbler continued. “But we don’t know what else to





do. We have to keep our teeth **HEALTHY**,  
and we have no place to stay underground  
right now!”



## GERONIMO, WHERE ARE YOU?

Meanwhile, Thea, Benjamin, Buggy Wugsy, and Professor Greenfur were all back where we had parted. No one had found any useful **information**, and they returned to find me **MISSING**! My sister knew something was wrong right away.

“**Look!**” she squeaked. “This is the backpack Trap gave Geronimo! But where’s my brother?”

“When I came to the ship in search of the **allergy medicine**, the captain told me he wanted to **rest**,” Greenfur explained. “He must have started looking for clues. But it’s strange that he left the backpack behind.”



At that moment, Benjamin noticed the **trail of sawdust**.

"I wonder if Uncle Ger followed this trail," he said. "Let's see where it **LEADS!**"

Greenfur put on the **backpack** and they all followed the trail. When they came to the

Oh no!



clearing, they hid in the bushes and peeked out at me and the nibblix aliens. They were horrified by what they saw.

"**oh no!**" squeaked Benjamin softly. "**They captured Uncle G!**"

"Don't worry!" Greenfur whispered reassuringly. "I'm sure we'll figure out a way to free him. Does anyone know what kind of **aliens** those are?"

Bugsy Wugsy didn't waste time. She contacted **HOLOGRAMIX** right away



From the Encyclopedia Galactica

## NIBBLIX ALIENS

**Where they're from:**

Photosyntheson's subterranean zone

**Features:** They are short with large, strong teeth that need to be used constantly! That's why they continuously dig long tunnels underground.



**Fun Facts:** They have a sweet tooth! When they're in a good mood, they love to play pranks.

**Favorite Food:** Sweets of every kind!

**Motto:** *Look at our teeth, so healthy and strong;  
We must keep gnawing all day long!*



using her **wristwatch** communicator.

She explained the situation, and an **astrosecond** later Hologramix sent her the data from the *Encyclopedia Galactica*.

Thea, Benjamin, and Professor Greenfur gathered around Buggy Wugsy and read the info.

“**Excellent** work, Buggy!” Thea exclaimed, patting the mouselet on the back. “This background info on the nibblix aliens gives me an idea as to how we can **free** Geronimo . . .”



## A FAMILIAR AROMA

I was so *busy* talking to the nibblix aliens about their **PLIGHT** that I didn't see the other spacemice in the bushes nearby.

Suddenly, the air filled with a **superstellar aroma**.

### Galactic Gorgonzola!







I would have recognized that smell anywhere. It was the scent of a mouth-watering **cheesecake**! The nibblix began to sniff the air eagerly.

“Spacious subterranean tunnels!” the chief exclaimed. “What a smell! I’m famished. Nibblix, how about a **SNACK**? Let’s follow that scent!”

The other aliens happily scurried after their leader.





**Shooting stars!** They were going without me!

“Wait! Don’t goooo!” I shouted. “Don’t leave me tied up here all **aloooooone!**”

But the nibblix didn’t listen. They were too busy following that **mousetastic** scent. In fact, I realized it wasn’t the scent of just any old cheesecake. Instead, it was the smell of a very **SPECIAL** cheesecake: Chef Squizzly’s famouse **TRIPLE CHEESECAKE** with **candied fruit** on top! Holey craters!

As soon as the nibblix were out of sight, I heard **movement** coming from the bushes behind me.

“**W-w-who’s there?**” I stammered.

“It’s us, Uncle G!” came my nephew’s **SWEET** squeak.

**Thank goodmouse!** The Spacemice had come to my rescue!



## A DELICIOUS IDEA

Thea, Greenfur, Benjamin, and Buggy Wugsy came out of the **bushes**. They immediately began working to **untie** the ropes wrapped **TIGHTLY** around me.

“Prickly shrubs!” exclaimed Professor Greenfur. “What strong knots! Too bad I don’t have my portable **knot-loosener** with me . . .”



“I’m so glad to see you, spacemice!” I exclaimed. “How did you **FIND** me?”

“It was simple,”





Benjamin replied. “We saw Uncle Trap’s gigantic **heavy backpack** and then we followed the trail of sawdust.”

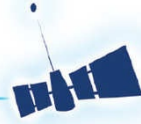
Martian mozzarella! I felt so **lucky** that I could count on my friends!

“When we saw the nibblix, we were stunned,” Greenfur added. “We didn’t know such **aliens** existed on Photosyntheson.”

“We used the *Encyclopedia Galactica* to gather a lot of interesting information about the nibblix,” squeaked Buggy Wuggy. “And we found out that they have **a very sweet tooth**.”

“That gave me an idea,” Thea continued. “I got in touch with the crew on *MouseStar 1* and asked Sally to send us one of Squizzy’s **CHEESECAKES** via Teletransportix . . .”

“Not just any cheesecake,” Buggy



specified. “But a **triple cheesecake** with **candied fruit** on top!”

“Exactly!” chuckled Greenfur. “Sally set the **Teletransportix** so that the cake would be transported right here. Then we lured away the sweet-toothed nibblix with the cake’s **mousetastic aroma!**”





Stellar Swiss! My friends were truly **out of this world**! Greenfur finally untied the last knot and I was free.

“We’d better get away from here,” Thea suggested. “The nibblix will probably be back once they finish **eating** the cake.”

“Wait!” I said. “The nibblix have a real **PROBLEM**. They need our help!”

The spacemice listened as I explained the situation. Once they heard about the **flooded tunnels** that had forced the nibblix aliens to abandon their homes, they agreed that we had to help.

“But what can we do for them, Uncle G?” Benjamin asked, a worried look on his snout.

Then we heard a **noise** behind us. The nibblix were back, and they didn’t look **HAPPY**. They were glaring at us and baring their sharp teeth **menacingly**!





## WE WANT TO HELP!

Chief Nibbler readjusted his crown, brushed some **cake crumbs** off his face, and cleared his throat.

“Nibblix, **ELEVATED FORMATION!**” he ordered. “I need to look these gigantic mouseoids in the eye!”

His subjects snapped to work. They quickly began to climb on top of one another’s shoulders. It looked like they were building a **strange tower!**

Stinky space cheese! What were they planning to do?

The chief climbed on top of the heap and looked at me, unafraid.

“Geronimo Stiltonix,” the chief bellowed. “**Who** are these mouseoids? **Where** did



## WE WANT TO HELP!

they come from? And **how** did you untie yourself?”

“**Your Majesty**, these are my spacemice friends.” I explained.

“Please meet my sister, Thea, my nephew, Benjamin, his friend Buggy Wugsy, and

Who are they?

They're my friends!





scientist Professor Greenfur.”

“We don’t want to hurt you,” Thea explained. “In fact, my brother told us your story and we want to **help!**”

“We nibblix know how to take care of ourselves!” Chief Nibbler answered proudly.

“But you can’t keep gnawing every **tree** on Photosyntheson!” Professor Greenfur exclaimed. “Before you know it, all the trees will be gone! And many of these trees are home to Photosynthesons who live above ground.”

“He’s right,” Benjamin agreed. “We know the subterranean **tunnels** you live in are in danger, but destroying the habitat of others isn’t a good solution. Let us help you. Together we’ll find a way to stop the **flood** in your tunnels!”

The nibblix were silent for a moment.



“What do you propose?” Chief Nibbler finally asked.

“Hmm . . . I think I have an idea,” Greenfur mumbled. He began walking **BACK** and **FORTH** in the clearing under the watchful eyes of Chief Nibbler.

I was also **CURIOUS**. What did the professor have in mind?



**“I’VE GOT IT!”** he exclaimed suddenly.  
“If I could calculate the angle of the tunnels  
and multiply it by **X** and divide it by **Z**, I’ll  
have the solution. But one of you will have  
to take me to the entrance to the tunnels.”

**“And why should we do that?”** Chief  
Nibbler asked skeptically.

“Because Professor Greenfur is a brilliant



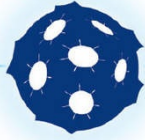


scientist and he's thinking of a way to **save** your homes," I tried to explain. "If you trust him, he might be able to **fix everything!** Then you can go back to living **underground**, where you're **HAPPIEST!**"

The nibblix gathered around their chief. They talked softly for a while. Finally, the **chief** approached me.

"We have decided to *trust you*," he said. "Come! We'll show you the entrance to the **tunnels.**"





## THE PERFECT PLAN

I put Trap's **heavy backpack** back on my shoulders, and, for a moment, I wondered what could possibly be inside. But the nibblix scurried ahead quickly and I had to follow, so I didn't get a chance to open the backpack to **FIND OUT**.

Chief Nibbler led us to a part of Photosyntheson we hadn't seen. There was a beautiful garden filled with **star-shaped flowers**. They were so **BEAUTIFUL**! Lots of young nibblix peeked at us through the flowers, staring in **amazement**.

"Fellow nibblix, I present the **Spacemice**!" Chief Nibbler exclaimed. "I granted them the **HONOR** of helping us



find a solution to our **flooded** tunnels. Please escort them underground for an **inspection!**

As soon as the chief finished talking, a few nibblix came forward to lead the way. We **followed** them to the opening of a large tunnel. Greenfur **examined** the entrance closely.

“The upper **TUNNELS** are still dry,” our guide informed us, “but if we don’t stop the water soon, everything will be **flooded** and we’ll have no place to live!”

“What do you have in mind?” I asked the professor.

“I was thinking of building a **dam**,” Professor Greenfur explained. “But first I have to check a few things . . .”

He took out a strange contraption.

“This is a **processorix**,” Greenfur





How beautiful!

We'll help you!

These are the spacemice!





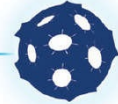
explained. “It’s a brilliant invention! You wear it, think about what you want to do, and then the **processorix** formulates a plan for the project at the speed of light. I’ll use the device to send a **PROBE** to inspect the interior of the tunnel. The probe will collect the data I need while the processorix picks up the **impulses** from my brain and designs a project automatically on the screen!”

The nibblix were a little **PERPLEXED** by the device (honestly, so was I!), but they went along with Greenfur’s plan anyway.

“**We got it!**” the professor exclaimed happily a few moments later.

Then he showed us an image on the **processorix** screen.

“Every nibblix will bring some sandbags into the tunnel,” he explained. “The bags



will be used to build a dam near the **hole** where the water is entering.”

The nibblix looked at the illustration of the plan on the **processorix**. They seemed very impressed.

“As soon as the **DAM** reaches the dimensions indicated **HERE**, the water will stop, and your tunnels will be dry again!” Greenfur concluded.

The nibblix applauded **happily**.

“But stopping the water won’t be enough,” Greenfur warned. “The dam could **BREAK** at some point. The **solution** is to have a group of nibblix **DIG** a lateral tunnel next



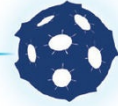
to the original tunnel  
while the other group is  
busy hauling in the sandbags.”

“But why do we need the second  
tunnel?” one of the nibblix asked,  
*perplexed*.

“If the water **spills out** of







the riverbed, it will run along the secondary tunnel instead of breaking through the dam and **washing away** your homes,” Professor Greenfur explained.

“But what happens to the water then?” asked Chief Nibbler.

“At the end of the second tunnel, you’ll have to dig a big, *deep* hole to collect the water,” Greenfur said. “That basin can double as an awesome **swimming pool!**”

“Amazing!” exclaimed Chief Nibbler. “Come on, nibblix! We can do this. Now, let’s get to work!”



## IN THE TUNNELS

The nibblix were about to follow their chief into the tunnels when Benjamin had an idea.

“Uncle!” he cried. “I can give the chief my **WristWatch** so he can communicate with us while he and the other nibblix are underground.”

It was a **FABUMOUSE** idea.

“Hey, Nibbler!” I called out.

The chief turned to me and **incinerated** me with a look.

“Oh, uh, excuse me, Your Majesty,” I muttered, my snout turning **red** with embarrassment. “Wait a second, please!”

We **strapped** Benjamin’s wristwatch onto Chief Nibbler’s small paw, and the aliens went down into the tunnels, each



carrying a **sandbag**.

We followed their work from the surface using Thea's wristwatch. I took off the **heavy backpack** and used it as a seat to rest on.



My sister pushed a button on her wristwatch.

"Your Majesty, can you hear me?" she asked. "How's it going down there?"

"**I can hear you loud and clear!**" came the king's reply. "We're just getting to the hole where the **water** is coming from. We can't see anything yet, but we know we are close because the ground is **damp** under our paws."

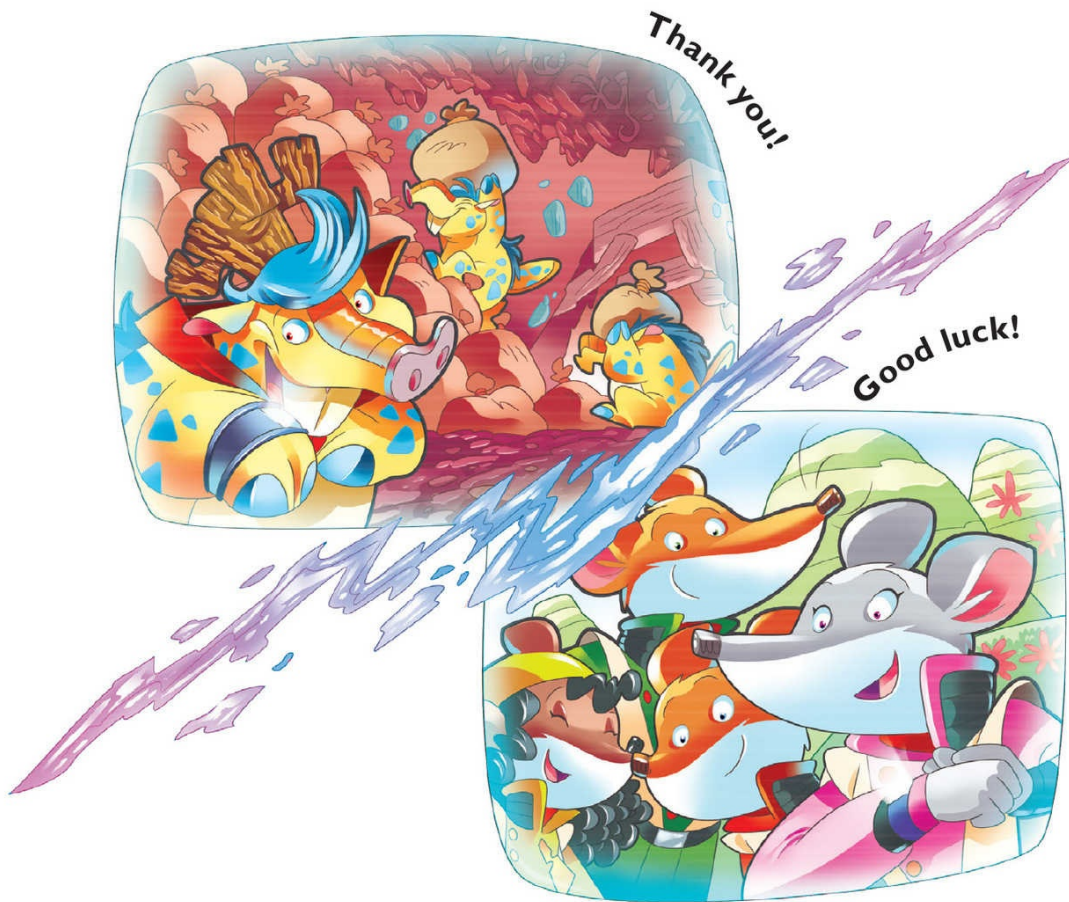




## IN THE TUNNELS

“Good luck, Chief!” we all shouted.

“**Thank you!**” came the reply of the chief and the other nibblix around him.





“We’ve rolled the sandbags in position to make the dam. And Crunch and Scrunch, two of the strongest nibblix, have begun to **dig** the lateral tunnel . . .”

“**GREAT!**” we all shouted. “You’re almost there. Keep up the **GOOD WORK!**”

“Oh no!” Chief Nibbler said suddenly.

“What’s wrong?” asked Thea.

“The water is **leaking through** the dam. We need more sandbags!” Chief Nibbler replied.

“Don’t worry!” Benjamin squeaked as he leaped into **action**. “We’ll help. Buggy and I can gather a few more for you.”

The two mice **SCAMPERED** off and returned a few minutes later with a bunch of sandbags. They delivered them to the mouth of the tunnel.

Less than an hour later, Chief Nibbler and



## IN THE TUNNELS

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the other nibblix emerged from the tunnel, **smiling** and **happy**.

“Is everything okay now?” Benjamin asked.

“Never been better!” the chief replied. “The dam and the lateral tunnel are complete. We can return to our homes **IMMEDIATELY!**”





# PHOTOSYNTHESON'S TREES

Benjamin, Buggy Wuggy, and the nibblix cheered **joyfully**. Thea, Greenfur, and I were ecstatic, too. **Photosyntheson's** homes were safe, and the nibblix could go back to living underground, where they were **HAPPIEST**.





## PHOTOSYNTHESON'S TREES

Chief Nibbler shook Professor Greenfur's paw and thanked us.

"It's always a pleasure to help those in **need!**" Greenfur replied.

The chief hung his head.

"I feel badly for the way we treated our fellow Photosynthesons and their **PRECIOUS** trees!" he said sadly.





“We truly didn’t mean to **destroy** anyone’s homes. But we’ve always **LIVED ALONE** underground, and we’ve never had to think about anyone else. We didn’t realize gnawing on all those trees would **AFFECT** others the way it did. What can we do to make it up to you and your **friends**, Professor?”

“You could help the Photosynthesons replant the trees you gnawed!” Greenfur suggested.

“That’s a **great** idea!” squeaked Benjamin. “Nature helps improve the universe for everyone. We need to **love, respect, and protect** it!”

“You’re right!” Chief Nibbler replied. “First we’ll ask the Photosynthesons for their **F O R G I V E N E S S**, and then we will help them plant **NEW** trees!”





But I noticed that the chief still looked like he had *something* on his mind.

“What is it, Your Majesty?” I asked.

“Well . . .” he hesitated. “We’re **very happy** to return to our tunnels and our cozy homes, but I’d like to come back to the surface every so often. It’s so **dark** and **gloomy** underground. And now that we’ve seen how beautiful it is above ground, we would like to visit sometimes. But we can’t go for long without **gnawing** on something, so I guess that won’t be **possible**.”

The other nibblix nodded in agreement, and the chief hung his head *sadly*.

Hmmm . . . what a **TOUGH** situation! There had to be a solution, but what was it?

Greenfur, Thea, Benjamin, Buggy Wugsy, and I looked at one another. We spacemice



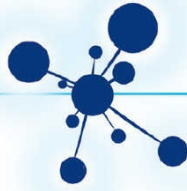
needed another **MOUSERIFIC** idea!

We **thought** and **thought** and **thought** and **thought** and **thought**.

"We have to find something above ground that the nibblix can **chew** without harming anything," Thea mused.

**Martian MOZZARELLA!** That was easier said than done! What could the nibblix gnaw safely?

I didn't have a **clue**!



# A GIGANTIC SURPRISE

After a lot of thinking, we were still **stuck**.

“Sometimes my best ideas come when I stop concentrating on the *problem* and think of something different!” Benjamin exclaimed.

“That’s true!” Thea agreed. “It helps me brainstorm when I move around, take a walk, or *play a game*.”







So we all began to walk around. I went in circles, but I was so absorbed in my thoughts that I tripped on my own paws and fell on top of Trap's **HEAVY BACKPACK!**

**Swisssh!**

The backpack flew up in the air and its contents scattered all over the ground.

**Galactic mozzarella!** What a **mess!**





## A GIGANTIC SURPRISE

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I was scrambling to collect everything when one object caught my *attention*. It was a gigantic machine that dispensed Supergnaws, also known as chunks of **VEGO CARROTS**. They're one of Trap's favorite snacks! My cousin had miniaturized the device before putting it in the backpack, and my fall had triggered the **expansion** mechanism.

"Trap never changes!" Benjamin chuckled. "Anytime we travel, he always manages to pack something *crunchy* . . ."

"Did you say 'something crunchy'?" asked Greenfur. "Why didn't we think of that before?"

Huh? Thought of what? I didn't have a clue what the professor was **squeaking** about.

But Thea understood.



“Of course!” she exclaimed. “You’re a genius, Professor Greenfur!”

The scientist turned to Chief Nibbler. “**Your Majesty**, we have the solution!” he announced happily. “We are proud to present you and the nibblix with this **Supergnaw distributor**! Supergnaws are yummy pieces of Vega carrots. Munching on them will be **great** for keeping your teeth **busy** while you’re above ground!”

I finally understood.

“That’s right!” I exclaimed.

“And Vega carrots aren’t just great for the teeth, they’re also rich in







**galactic vitamins**. Eating them will keep your whole body **HEALTHY!**

“And best of all, this machine will dispense an **endless supply!**” Benjamin chimed in, smiling **BRIGHTLY**.

“So we won’t have to gnaw on trees anymore?” Chief Nibbler asked, astounded. “Crunchy underground dirt! What a **great idea!**”

The other nibblix agreed.

“Thank you, spacemice!” they shouted happily. “What a **generous** gift!

“Now we’ll be able to come above ground whenever we like!” Chief Nibbler exclaimed.





## TO PLANT A TREE . . .

Now that the nibblix were no longer a **threat** to Photosyntheson's trees, we were anxious to tell all the Photosynthesons the good news. We used our wristwatches to contact **Leafyfur**, and we arranged a meeting in Evergreen Grove. When we got to the park, we found Leafyfur and a huge **CROWD** of Photosynthesons waiting for us.

Greenfur told everyone what had happened. Then he introduced **Chief Nibbler** and the nibblix to the Photosynthesons.

The chief apologized many times for what the nibblix had done to the planet's **precious** trees. He sounded nothing like the alien who had taken me **PRISONER** earlier!





“We didn’t realize how **important** the trees are to you,” Chief Nibbler explained. “But we are grateful to the spacemice for teaching us. And we now understand that we have to respect and love nature.”

“We accept your **APOLOGIES**, friends!” said Leafyfur.

Everyone was happy. Leafyfur and Chief Nibbler **SHOOK** paws as a sign of friendship and collaboration.

“We’d like to make things up to you by replanting the trees we **DESTROYED**,” the chief of the nibblix explained.

The Photosynthesons accepted happily.

“From now on, Photosynthesons and nibblix will live in





## TO PLANT A TREE . . .

harmony, **respecting nature!**"

Everyone cheered. Then Leafyfur turned on a giant **Seed-Spreader** and gave handfuls of seeds to all of us.

We headed for the section of the park where the nibblix had **GNÄWED** the trees. Together we began to spread the seeds.



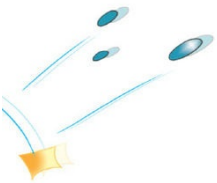


Eventually, we came to the place where Greenfur's **OLD TREE** once stood.

"You spread here," I told my friend. "Soon a new tree will grow, and it will be *stronger* than the one before it!"

Professor Greenfur **T H R E W** a handful of seeds on the ground. Lush little plants began to sprout *instantly*. At the same time, the scientist's fur turned from orange to green again, from the top of his head to the tips of his toes!

**Out-of-orbit planets!** Our mission was complete!







Let's play together!

I'm green again!

Hooray!

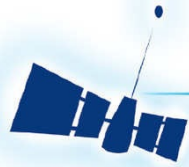




Here's a tree!

We'll help you!

Friends forever!

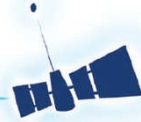


# THE KEY TO HAPPINESS

In addition to spreading seeds, the nibblix also helped plant some tiny trees. When the work was complete, Leafyfur organized a **big celebration** in Evergreen Grove. It was a superstellar event because the Photosynthesons and the nibblix **worked**







**together** to plan the entire thing.

There were huge **TABLES** with Photosyntheson specialties and crunchy foods that were perfect for the nibblix. We played **games** and gathered in a clearing to celebrate the friendship between the Photosynthesons and the nibblix with a **toe-tapping dance!**

**Starry skies!** It was a truly **spectacular** event!

Do you want to dance?



Here are some carrots!





As the festivities came to an end, we spacemice got ready to **Leave**.

**Violix** and **Gentiana** hugged Greenfur.

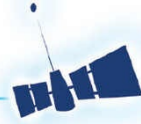
“Come back soon!” they squeaked.

“**I WILL — I PROMISE!**” the professor replied, tears in his eyes. “I understand now that my bond with my home planet is a **strong** one that can never be **broken!**”

“Well said!” Chief Nibbler bellowed. “We would love to see you again soon, especially since our subterranean dam will need to be **inspected** from time to time to be sure it’s holding up okay!”

“Yes, the spacemice are always welcome here!” Leafyfur agreed. “We shall always be **GRATEFUL** to you for saving our planet!”

“No, no,” I replied. “We should be thanking all of you! This mission taught us that living



in **HARMONY** with nature is truly the **key to happiness!**”

Then we said good-bye and boarded the **space shuttle** that would take us back to *MouseStar 1*, and toward another **INCREDIBLE NEW ADVENTURE!**







Don't miss any adventures  
of the Spacemice!



#1 Alien Escape



#2 You're Mine, Captain!



#3 Ice Planet Adventure



#4 The Galactic Goal



#5 Rescue Rebellion



#6 The Underwater  
Planet



#7 Beware! Space Junk!



#8 Away in a Star Sled



#9 Slurp Monster  
Showdown



#10 Pirate Spacecat  
Attack



#11 We'll Bite Your  
Tail, Geronimo!



#12 The Invisible Planet

Up Next!



# MEET Geronimo Stiltonord



He is a mouseking – the Geronimo Stilton of the ancient far north! He lives with his brawny and brave clan in the village of Mouseborg. From sailing frozen waters to facing fiery dragons, every day is an adventure for the micekings!



#1 Attack of the Dragons



#2 The Famous Fjord Race



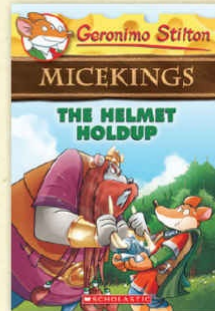
#3 Pull the Dragon's Tooth!



#4 Stay Strong, Geronimo!



#5 The Mysterious Message

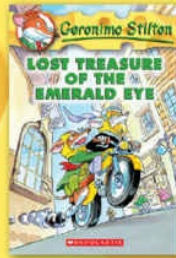


#6 The Helmet Holdup

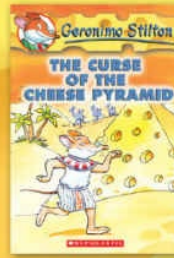




**Be sure to  
read all my  
fabumouse  
adventures!**



**#1 Lost Treasure of  
the Emerald Eye**



**#2 The Curse of the  
Cheese Pyramid**



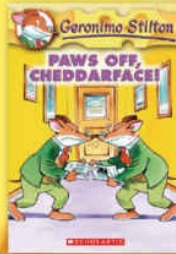
**#3 Cat and Mouse in a  
Haunted House**



**#4 I'm Too Fond of  
My Fur!**



**#5 Four Mice Deep in  
the Jungle**



**#6 Paws Off,  
Cheddarface!**



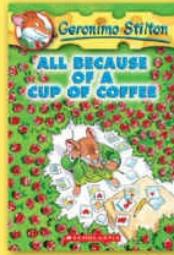
**#7 Red Pizzas for a  
Blue Count**



**#8 Attack of the  
Bandit Cats**



**#9 A Fabumouse  
Vacation for Geronimo**



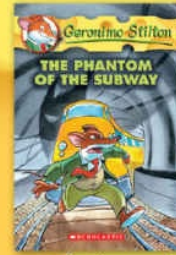
**#10 All Because of a  
Cup of Coffee**



**#11 It's Halloween,  
You 'Fraidy Mouse!**



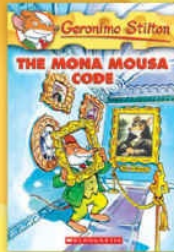
**#12 Merry Christmas,  
Geronimo!**



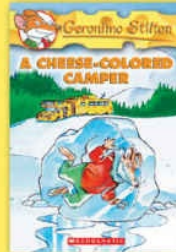
**#13 The Phantom of  
the Subway**



**#14 The Temple of the  
Ruby of Fire**



**#15 The Mona Mousa  
Code**



**#16 A Cheese-Colored  
Camper**



**#17 Watch Your  
Whiskers, Stilton!**



**#18 Shipwreck on the  
Pirate Islands**



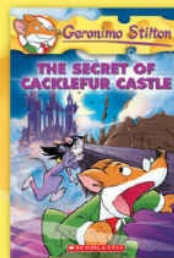
**#19 My Name Is Stilton,  
Geronimo Stilton**



**#20 Surf's Up,  
Geronimo!**



**#21 The Wild, Wild  
West**

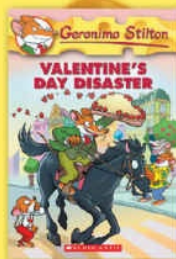


**#22 The Secret  
of Cacklefur Castle**

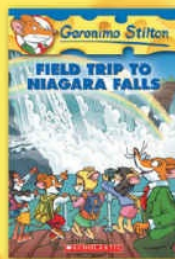


**A Christmas Tale**

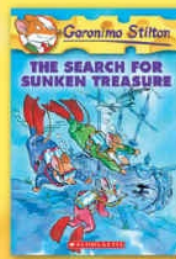




#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



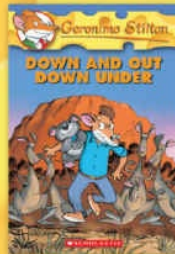
#26 The Mummy with No Name



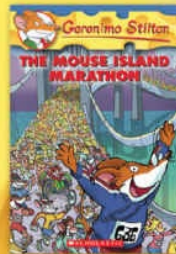
#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



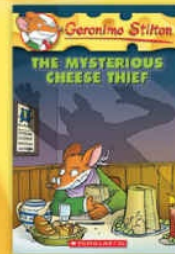
#28 Wedding Crasher



#29 Down and Out Down Under



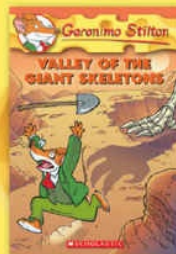
#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



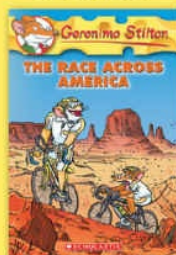
#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



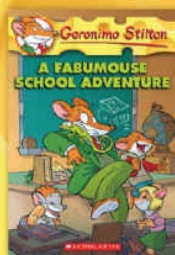
#35 A Very Merry Christmas



#36 Geronimo's Valentine



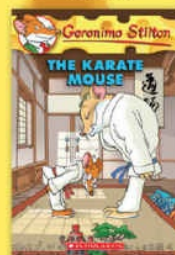
#37 The Race Across America



#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



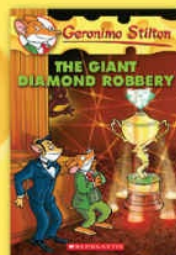
#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



#46 The Haunted Castle

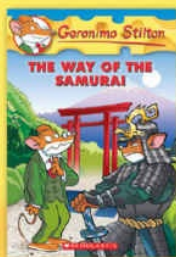




#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted!



#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



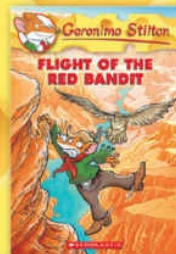
#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



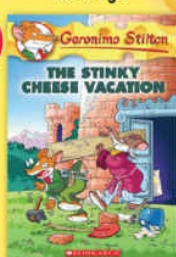
#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



The Hunt for the Golden Book



#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation



#58 The Super Chef Contest



#59 Welcome to Moldy Manor



The Hunt for the Curious Cheese



#60 The Treasure of Easter Island



#61 Mouse House Hunter



#62 Mouse Overboard!



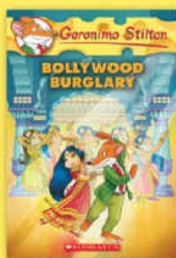
The Hunt for the Secret Papyrus



#63 The Cheese Experiment



#64 Magical Mission



#65 Bollywood Burglary



The Hunt for the Hundredth Key



#66 Operation: Secret Recipe

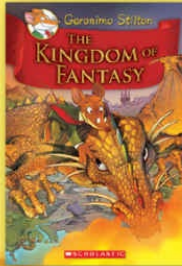


#67 The Chocolate Chase





Don't miss  
any of my  
adventures in  
the Kingdom of  
Fantasy!



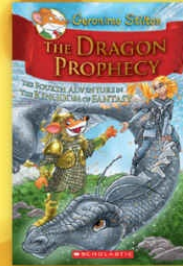
**THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY**



**THE QUEST FOR  
PARADISE:**  
THE RETURN TO THE  
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



**THE AMAZING  
VOYAGE:**  
THE THIRD ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY



**THE DRAGON  
PROPHECY:**  
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY



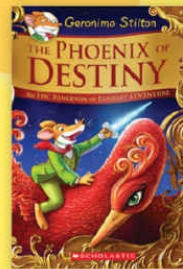
**THE VOLCANO  
OF FIRE:**  
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY



**THE SEARCH  
FOR TREASURE:**  
THE SIXTH ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY



**THE ENCHANTED  
CHARMS:**  
THE SEVENTH ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY



**THE PHOENIX  
OF DESTINY:**  
AN EPIC KINGDOM OF  
FANTASY ADVENTURE



**THE HOUR OF  
MAGIC:**  
THE EIGHTH ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY



**THE WIZARD'S  
WAND:**  
THE NINTH ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY



**THE SHIP OF  
SECRETS:**  
THE TENTH ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY



**THE DRAGON  
OF FORTUNE:**  
AN EPIC KINGDOM OF  
FANTASY ADVENTURE





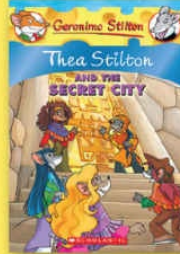
***Don't miss any of  
these exciting Thea  
Stilton adventures!***



**Thea Stilton and the  
Mountain of Fire**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Ghost of the Shipwreck**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Secret City**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Dragon's Code**



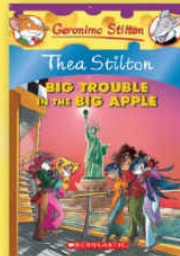
**Thea Stilton and the  
Mystery in Paris**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Cherry Blossom Adventure**



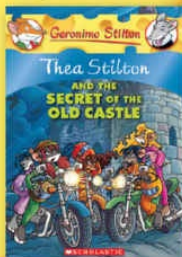
**Thea Stilton and the  
Star Castaways**



**Thea Stilton: Big Trouble  
in the Big Apple**



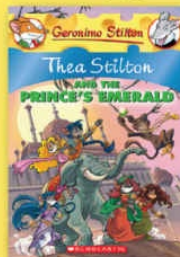
**Thea Stilton and the  
Ice Treasure**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Secret of the Old Castle**



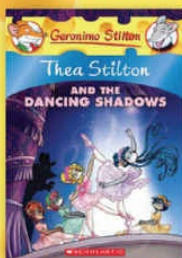
**Thea Stilton and the  
Blue Scarab Hunt**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Prince's Emerald**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Mystery on the Orient Express**



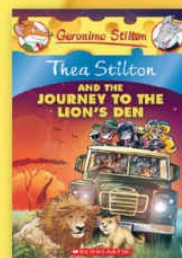
**Thea Stilton and the  
Dancing Shadows**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Legend of the Fire Flowers**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Spanish Dance Mission**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Journey to the Lion's Den**





Thea Stilton and the Great Tulip Heist



Thea Stilton and the Chocolate Sabotage



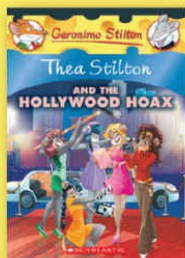
Thea Stilton and the Missing Myth



Thea Stilton and the Lost Letters



Thea Stilton and the Tropical Treasure



Thea Stilton and the Hollywood Hoax

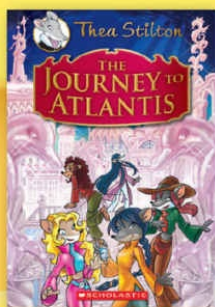


Thea Stilton and the Madagascar Madness



Thea Stilton and the Frozen Fiasco

***And check out my fabumouse special editions!***



THEA STILTON:  
THE JOURNEY  
TO ATLANTIS



THEA STILTON:  
THE SECRET OF  
THE FAIRIES



THEA STILTON:  
THE SECRET OF  
THE SNOW



THEA STILTON:  
THE CLOUD  
CASTLE



THEA STILTON:  
THE TREASURE  
OF THE SEA



# MouseStar I

The spaceship, home, and refuge of the spacemice!





1. Control room
2. Gigantic telescope
3. Greenhouse to grow plants and flowers
4. Library and reading room
5. Astral Park, an amusement park
6. Space Yum Café
7. Kitchen
8. Liftrix, the special elevator that moves between all floors of the spaceship
9. Computer room
10. Crew cabins
11. Theater for space shows
12. Warp-speed engines
13. Tennis court and swimming pool
14. Multipurpose technogym
15. Space pods for exploration
16. Cargo hold for food supply
17. Natural biosphere



*Dear mouse friends,  
thanks for reading,  
and good-bye until the next book.  
See you in outer space!*







# MEET GERONIMO STILTONIX



He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship *MouseStar 1*. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!

## WE'LL BITE YOUR TAIL, GERONIMO!

Professor Greenfur, *MouseStar 1*'s onboard scientist, has changed color from green to . . . orange! What's going on? To uncover what's wrong, the spacemice travel to his home planet of Photosyntheson. Professor Greenfur's relatives are being threatened by the nibblix, tiny aliens with very sharp teeth! Can the spacemice help in time?



 SCHOLASTIC



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[www.geronimostilton.com](http://www.geronimostilton.com)